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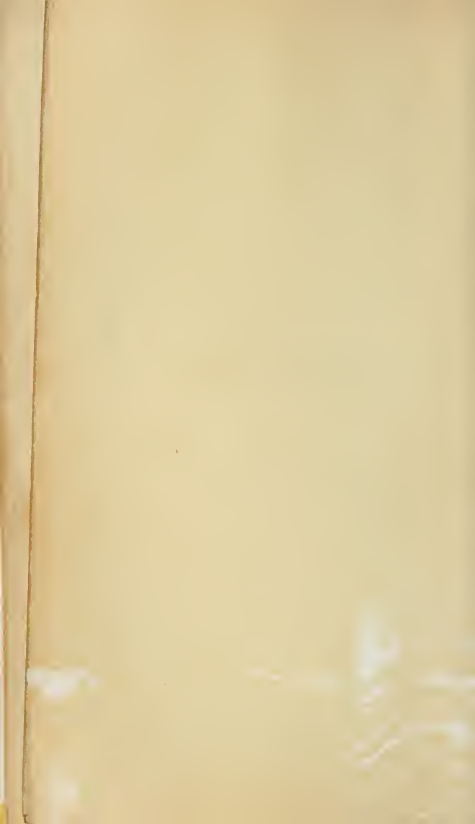
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Friendship's Token.

S. A. ROWLAND, Worcester.



FRIENDSHIP'S TOKEN,
OR
THE PHILIPENA;
A PRESENT
FOR ALL SEASONS.



WORCESTER:
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1852

PREFACE.

WE have given the name of PHILIPENA to this little volume, because that name, more than any other, implies the design and character of the work. The name is derived from two Greek words, signifying love or friendship, and a gift or token. To prepare a neat little volume, every way suitable as a gift of friendship or affection, has been the design of the compiler of these pages; and with the hope that it will meet their approbation, it is inscribed to all those who, in the trifling gift of a Philipena, would keep alive the flame of friendship and affectionate regard.

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THE PHILIPENA.

SOCIAL LIFE, OR THE PLAINS OF MATRIMONY.

As the writer was walking on the great theatre of the world, among other curiosities in earth, air and water, I discovered, situated between two very high mountains, a great plain, far wider and longer than the most extended prairie of the west. It appeared to have been originally a very fertile soil, as it was placed in a part of the globe where all the powers of nature combined to make it the most delightful region of the whole earth, and productive of every healthful and fruitful plant. But in the midst of these advantages, greatly to my wonder, I saw the plain was but miserably cultivated, and their fields poorly fenced, although its inhab-

itants were very numerous. There was a great growth of the briar, the prickly thorn, and the perplexing thistle. A few only of those delightful fruit-bearing trees and plants which were the original production of the plain were to be seen. Seeing the country so well calculated to sustain, in its original formation, a rich and prosperous settlement, but occupied by so improvident a race, excited in me a curiosity to inquire the reason.

In casting over this region a scrutinizing glance from where I stood, which was on an elevated rock overlooking the plain, I discovered that the entrance was quite narrow, and that a wall exceeding high and difficult to be got over connected the points of two mountains, which diverged away farther than the eye could reach, rising in broad and mighty undulations in the immense distance. In this wall, which I perceived was fortified on the top with long, sharp spikes,

there was a small gateway or entrance through the wall, just wide enough for two persons comfortably to pass at a time to the great plain beyond. But notwithstanding this singularity, I noticed that in some instances more than two had attempted to pass this gate abreast ; but this attempt had always been attended with such horrid consequences that but few of later years had undertaken it.

Another singularity in this gate or door was, that although two could walk through abreast, yet one could not enter alone. I also soon discovered that those who entered upon the plain could never consistently return, during the life of the one or the other of the pair. On drawing near to the gate, I soon discovered a very great crowd of young people, precipitately rushing through the gate, two by two, into the plain ; and it is hardly possible for me to convey an adequate idea of the curiosity it wrought in me, what all this should mean.

But. to relieve the anxiety of my mind, I got as near to the gate as I could for the crowd, and sat down on one of the steps of the great pillar, where I soon discovered a curious seat on the right side of the path, on which was written—"The Seat of Consideration;" to which seat I saw there was an ascent of three steps; at the bottom of which stood a column or pillar, of a very ancient date, having on it this inscription, which was still quite legible, and read as follows: "Ponder the paths of thy feet. and all thy goings shall be established." After reading this inscription, I surveyed again the steps with much attention, and perceived that on the first was written—"Step with moderation and great care." I then cautiously ascended, so as to be able to examine the second step, and saw that on it was written, very plainly—"Examine your motives of action, and duly weigh the consequences of your undertaking." I then

went up so as to look at the third step, and found written there the following important sentence—"There is no solid pleasure without love."

I now sat awhile, in great wonder what all these things could mean: I viewed the plain, then the mountains and the wall that fenced it in; I looked at the pillar, which was very high, and then at the steps, with all the curious inscriptions on them. I now began to watch the crowd, who were pressing in such multitudes, male and female, toward the gate which opened on to the great plain beyond me, trying if possible to find out their object, in all this hurry and anxiety to get in. I had not watched them long, however, when I saw a couple a little more moderate than the rest in the crowd, who came very near the steps by the side of the way, where I sat. I inquired of them the name of the plain, the meaning of the wall, the gate, &c.; they smiled at

my ignorance, asking if I were a stranger, and then said, "it is the great plain of social life, or the place to enjoy the marriage union, and the gate is Wedlock."

This information clearly unfolded the mystery of the crowd, explaining to my mind a number of the singularities of the passage to the plain; and particularly why two only could enter consistently at a time; and why one could not enter alone, whether male or female. Having made this discovery, namely, that marriage was their object, there was still another secret to be unriddled, which I had to spell out as well as I could, by listening to what they said as they went along, and by watching their countenances and actions. From these indications the reader will not be surprised, when he has read the whole story and the principles that actuated them, that I have judged as I have concerning these young people who went through the gate.

There were some, I observed, who were rushing to the gate merely from custom, wishing to enter on the plain because others did ; fancying it would be a disgrace to them if they did not do like the rest ; being exceedingly anxious to be considered fashionable. There were others, who appeared to be without a home, or a father's house, or any steady place of dwelling. These concluded that were they to enter on the great plain they could find this home, and even though it were a poor one, it must be better than none ; so on they went. There were others who seemed to be urged on merely by their wills—having taken offence at some individual, or from the opposition of friends, as they supposed ; these, therefore, looking quite fierce, and pouting as they went, rushed through the gate into the great plain, gratifying their wills in spite of all resistance.

I also saw there a character who it

appeared had been on the great plain before, but had come back, on account of death having separated her from her mate. This one appeared very unhappy, as there walked by her side one or two or more small children. These some friends took, and put in a certain kind of house called an asylum for the poor; where, after a while, the parent knew they were cruelly treated, and yet could not relieve them. Not long after this, I saw a person approach the suffering parent, who was not an equal in good sense, good breeding, nor in understanding, and withal hateful to look upon; who said, "Please to go through the gate with me." But the reply was, "No, oh no, 'tis impossible; we should not be happy; your ways, looks and everything disgust me beyond measure." Here I saw several friends rush towards them and force them through the gate, saying it is good enough—there will be a home for your

children; so they went in, while the discontented one looked pale, unhappy and despairingly. "My God," said I, "what a pity!" for that was too great a sacrifice—the wooer being a terwards found to be all but a fool; which produced agony and sorrow indescribable. There was one in a similar condition, who had taken a mate who was cruel and ferocious in his nature. When I saw this, I had my fears as to the results of this marriage.

There were some who appeared to look no further than to personal beauty, and to a show of dress and parade, while they were strangers to love. Others looked at the honorable birth of their partner, making a great name their only object, without thinking love was necessary to make even the rich and the honorable happy. Some appeared to be of a discontented make; and finding many troubles in a single life, fancied that were they to marry,

they should get rid of these perplexities, by their mutual assistance in manual labor ; seeming not in the least to comprehend that love must accompany them, or their perplexities would be greatly increased instead of diminished. This kind entered into the great plain on much the same principle that one would buy an ox, or a horse, merely with an eye to a good bargain : I wondered at this, on account of its surpassing stupidity. But these jogged on somewhat slower than many others, and soon were out of sight on the great plain.

Among the multitude, I saw two coming on toward the gate, who were of different nations ; one was white and the other was black or red, or some such complexion, as nearly as I could see. Those slipped along in a kind of sly manner, and the first I knew they were in and off, and out of sight in a twinkling. I wondered what made

them in such a hurry, the reason of which we shall give by and by.

There was another class stimulated by motives almost too sinful to mention ; indeed, nothing but its being so great an injury to truth prevented my passing it over in silence. The truth is, they were urged on wholly by the love of connubial pleasures ; these wanton flames were easily discovered flashing from their eyes, burning on the cheek and brow, which precipitated them onward with great force, producing as they went, acts of impropriety on the way ; who seemed not to know that love is very far off from the possession of this kind of excitement. There was another circumstance attending this great concourse of human beings ; and this was the appearance of now and then a straggling individual far in the back ground, seeming to grope his way alone. Now and then he would cast an eye toward the great plain, but not

a wishful eye: it was a look of fear, such as we commonly bestow when we wish to avoid an object. This kind of straggler I observed could never be persuaded to pass any nearer to the plain, than opposite to another very high pillar, which was placed a great way off in the back-ground, but yet within sight of the gate that opened on the plain. On this pillar there was written—"It is not good for man to be alone;" the sight of which kept these wanderers in a state of perpetual agitation, seeking rest but finding none. I wondered why they did not come along with the rest, when I was told that they were old bachelors, or woman-haters. "Oh," said I, "how strange!" What became of them I never could find out, as they seemed to disappear in a kind of mist, which arose out of a dismal looking swamp, not far from the high road to the plain. Soon after this they were forgotten, and nobody could ever tell

what their names were. It was observable, that among these lonesome beings there was never found a woman; which circumstance I considered extremely favorable to the character of the latter.

Besides these strange kind of men, there was yet another character, who, as often as they happened to be jostled by the motions of the crowd anywhere near the gate of the great plain, became in a moment amazingly frightened, so that they would shoot off upon a run, in any direction but that of the gate: and yet they would not forsake the concourse, seeming to love the company of their fellow-beings after all. However, I noticed, that like the miller which flutters around the blaze of a lamp, they were somehow ever and anon quite near the gate; and at last went entirely in, their mates being always a little ahead of them. I did not ask who they were, for on their very faces it was written—"These are the bashful men."

Among the number I saw a young man of fair manners and sedate mind, who, being noticed and flattered a little by a young lady somewhat advanced in years, appeared to be made remarkably happy by it; so much so that he was often seen talking by himself, saying, "How can it be—she is handsome and well-bred, and I am ignorant of the ways of company—how can it be that she should notice me so much? I will marry her if I can." Pretty soon I saw them go in at the gate, the young man seeming to be much the happiest, while the young woman looked back with a kind of haughty air, mingled with disappointment, which her mate had not skill enough to discover at the time.

Among all these who went through the gate, it was wonderful that not one of them took the least notice of the column erected near the plain, nor of the inscriptions thereon. The three seats which were placed near the pillar they

passed by in the same way, never so much as once looking at the seat of consideration, or the inscription on it, which was—"There is no solid pleasure without love."

But while I was musing on these things, I observed two persons, a lady and a gentleman, walking very slowly on the way toward the plain. They would often stop, looking first backward and then forward, then upon one another, as though they were at a loss which way to go. The deportment of this couple being so different from all the rest, engaged my whole attention for some time. As they drew nigh they both at the same moment saw the pillar with the inscription written upon it—"Ponder the paths of thy feet," &c. Their attention soon became fixed upon this inscription, when their countenances changed: they gazed one upon the other with pensive looks, remaining some time in profound silence. At

length the lady said, "Have we thought of this before as we ought to have done?" The other answered, "I fear we have not." They then began to read the inscriptions on the steps at the foot of the pillar, which read as follows: 1st. "Step with moderation." 2d. "Examine your motives of action, and duly weigh the consequences of your undertaking." 3d. "There is no solid pleasure without love." When they had read all these they both went up and sat down upon the seat of consideration; and finding themselves in fair prospect of both the crowd and the plain, they gazed upon them alternately, then upon each other, while a strange mixture of surprise was working round their hearts, exciting in them an unusual desire to know the truth of their own case, seeming to fear they were ignorant of this. In this position they sat for several minutes, looking at each other, having on their countenances looks of agitation

and alarm. But suddenly, instead of rushing to each others arms like a silly couple, as many would have done, they turned away their faces and hung down their heads, as though they were determined to think for themselves; and not to be carried away by the impulse of a moment, in a matter of so much weight. Thus circumstanced, they sat for some time without motion, except once in a while to cast a look to the plain, then on the crowd. At length they turned wholly from these objects, and fastened their attention upon the inscription written on the third step, which was—"There is no solid pleasure without love." This they read over and over to themselves, pondering it in their minds, when they turned toward each other, and gazing steadfastly, said, "Have we that love for each other that is essential to solid pleasure?" To this they both replied, "I hope that we have;" yet any one could see that

they felt a great degree of diffidence of themselves on this subject, lest their feelings for each other might proceed from some other principle than undying love, which many waters cannot quench. They now began freely to open their hearts to each other, and said, after conversing a while, "we had better turn back and go no further, if we are not sure that we possess true love." In this they were both agreed. But how they should obtain the evidence, to a certainty, that they had this love, was a great question between them. Were we here to give an account of their conversation on this point, it would extend these pages beyond our intentions; on which account we shall leave it for the imagination of those in a like predicament to make out. But at length they concluded, that as they were liable to bias each other's minds when together, and that if they could not agree in what are the essential evidences of

love, it were in vain for them to go any further; on which account they determined to turn from each other awhile, till they should each for themselves make up their own catalogue of evidence, and then to compare notes. This took up their attention for several days, as it was a considerable labor, although it was a labor of love; and I am of the opinion, that any other suiters could have made but poor progress in their affections during this period, had any made the attempt. At length they concluded to compare notes, both of them fearing that they should not agree. At the time they compared their respective notes, they had sat down upon the same seat where they had mused so long a few days before, namely, the seat of consideration; as it was at this place they had agreed to meet, so that they were all the while so near me that I could hear the talk as they produced the evidences. I was however a little

disappointed in one respect with regard to their notes; for I had fancied that they would each have written out at length on paper, in black and white, their views; of which I had made up my mind to procure a copy for my own reading and information; but I soon saw the matter was written on their hearts, and that they had no need of ink and paper to assist the memory; for from the fulness of their feelings, their lips discoursed the evidences over and over, which on both sides, to my great astonishment, agreed in every particular. But although their minutes were not written, yet I concluded to take down the notes, as I heard them talk it over, which was as follows:

“1st. We are poor, imperfect creatures, and if we love each other, we have determined patiently to bear with each other’s infirmities—if so this is one evidence.

“2d. Besides common infirmities,

we are very liable to get out of temper often, and to speak unadvisedly. If we can endure this without having such hardness created in our minds toward each other as to prevent our sitting down when our passions are allayed, and gently reproving each other, confessing our faults and forgiving one another, and taking the same delight in each other's company as before—this then is the second evidence.

“3d. As we know not what is before us, whether prosperity or adversity, do we feel that we can freely partake of each other's sorrows as well as joys, whether in poverty, sickness, and all kinds of adversity; if so, then it is an evidence of an abiding love, that will do to trust our future earthly happiness upon.

“4th. We are liable, in the managing our domestic concerns, through error in judgment, to reduce each other to difficulties; if this can be endured

without breaking our friendship, we may think it also an evidence of love.

“5th. Have we that respect for each other that we have no desire to look any further, but feel willing to cleave to each other in preference to any and all others forever? If so, this is an additional evidence of a deathless love.

“6th. For one person to appear to another different from the reality, and thereby raise an expectation in the mind of that other person, of engaging with such a character as would be exceedingly agreeable, and then afterwards act out a character entirely different, when it is too late for the deceived party to extricate him or herself from the difficulty, is no evidence of respect: this we can never do to the person we love. If therefore we feel that temper of heart, which makes us willing that the other should know just what we are, that we may judge from sure data of each other's characters and state of feeling; then

this, with the other evidences, may be reckoned a sure and certain proof of unchanging love."

In all these particulars they readily agreed, and said they felt all this in their hearts for each other. They then joined their hands and solemnly covenanted to do their utmost to prove, through their whole lives, to each other, the truth and sincerity of their professions. They then arose from the seat, descended the steps, and went through the gate on to the great plain; and as they went there appeared a sweetness and contentment in their countenances, which I had not seen exhibited on the plain before.

There was one couple I noticed who were remarkably well built and handsome, upon whose countenances was the flush of perpetual health; good sense and good breeding were seen in all their demeanor. It appeared they had read much, and had stored their

minds with ideas ; a good foundation, of the right kind, on which to sustain sociability after marriage—a qualification of immense importance, but much neglected in general. One particular trait of information they appeared to have acquired, relative to ancient history, was, respecting the great number of children the patriarchs were the parents of. They were talking about it as they went through the gate ; of its advantages, &c., in settling new countries ; and of support, company and friends in old age, which such a circumstance always secured : they were soon out of sight, and I could hear no more.

A while after this, I also thought it best for *me* to go through the gate on to the great plains. Accordingly I went in the prescribed way, having chosen one to accompany me. Having arrived there, I settled somewhere in the centre of the plains, having the mountains, which passed onward in full

view, and at nearly equal distance from my habitation, making it a place of the most romantic description. In the morning the rising sun appeared like a mighty minister of light—who, with an ease peculiar to the simplicity of God's works, brushed away with his burning wings the darkness of the previous night, smiling down upon each and every plant of the great plain with delight, which, in their turn, raised their leaves, blossoms and fruits, up towards him in joy, as if they would say, thou art welcome, messenger of the great Creator. When the concave above the plain had been passed, and this angel of terrestrial light was beginning to dip the tip of his wings in oceans of space beyond us, he would flutter his radiant pinions through all forests, over all hills, vales and savannahs, seeming to whisper to each child of being, sleep sweetly till I return.

Very near my habitation there arose,

not a great way apart, four beautiful fountains; and as the place of their sources was rather elevated above the general level of the plain, they flowed easily and beautifully toward the four quarters or cardinal points of the earth. Around me grew all trees of beauty, filled with blossoms and fruit, suited in endless varieties to the taste; so that no situation can be supposed more delightful. I found in my rambles, very near the centre of the area, between the four fountains above mentioned, traditions of a tree of the most singular nature, which was planted there by the Maker of the universe, and was called the tree of *immortality* or tree of life. This tree bore every kind of fruit necessary both for the support and happiness of the dwellers on the plain, so good was the soil originally. I found, among the people in that country (the great plain) another tradition, that the place was at first discovered by an an-

cient man, called ADAM. So great was his courage, they said, that no wild beast could in the least daunt his countenance or cower his eye. The Elephant, the Rhinoceros, the Lion, the Leopard, the Tiger, the Panther, the Hyena, the Anaconda, or great red Dragon, the Vulture, the golden Eagle, were objects not of terror, but of mere curiosity to this ancient man: all of whom would, at his very sight, let fall their bravery and terror of looks, so much did the animals of power acknowledge the superiority of this great and ancient man. It appears also that this ancient man, the first settler of the great plain (social life), entered upon it in the same way that all the other settlers have done since, namely, by only two at a time, who were extremely happy, and would have continued so till this time, with all their posterity, had not this first settler and his wife been persuaded by a *foreigner* to strike

a blow on the trunk of this wonderful tree, or tree of life, merely to see what the effect would be, as this foreigner had told them that much good would be produced by the blow. But what was the effect? It was this: the tree immediately died, dried up, and disappeared: when there came up, in the very spot where it stood, another tree, called the tree of SIN, which brought forth a fruit called Pride, and every hurtful thing with it. From this tree there arose, over the whole plain, a poisonous effluvia, filling the air with malignant vapors, so that it became extremely unhealthy in all that country; causing many kinds of hurtful plants to spring up, so that the pristine salubrity of the plain was destroyed forever.

But to return to my story respecting those who had entered the plain. It now came into my mind that, as I had become one of their number, I would go and visit the different classes

I had seen enter the plain when I was on the out side of the gate. Proceeding accordingly, I soon came to the first, which the reader is requested to remember were those who entered on the plain merely for *custom's* sake. These I found in very miserable circumstances ; their houses, outside and inside, looked as if they had indeed been led to settle there from no higher principle than mere custom, true enough : all was dirt and confusion ; their fields all lay waste, and were grown over with weeds ; it looked so dreary, that I thought, at first, there was no growth on their whole plantation that was good for anything ; but, at last, I saw a small garden, having a kind of hedge about it, where I observed a few plants of natural affection. These, however, seemed to be cultivated by the parents merely for their children's sake, and were so overshadowed by the trees of *anxiety*, that I wondered how they could grow at all.

This was all that could be found there, so I went on to the next. These, it will be recollected, entered the plain for want of a home—and a home they had got, such as it was, which was bad enough. I now went on to the next, being those who had entered the plain merely to gratify their *wills* in opposition to supposed or real enemies, just to let every body know they would and could do just what they liked, when it is likely nobody, after all, cared a farthing about what they did:—these had trouble enough and some to spare, for they hated one another now, beyond measure. While visiting about, I did not forget the young man who was so happy on being noticed and flattered by a certain young woman, who, when she went into the gate with her partner, looked a little sorry, as well as a little haughty, mixed with disappointment. These I found had parted—for the young man afterwards found out that she had been

disappointed—and that she had noticed and married him, merely to let her first lover know that she could get married as well as himself. He had left the house just as I knocked at the door, and was running toward the wall which extended out each way from the gate, over which he had sprung, at a leap ; but, as he went over, a spike of the wall caught him by his clothes, where for a little while he hung—which caused a great shout of laughter on the outside, which I could plainly hear. We wish the reader to know that we mean, by the spikes on the wall, public scorn and derision at having come away from the plain too soon, even before his partner died ; and yet, after he had hung there awhile, and the multitude had laughed at him as long as they wished, they began to pity him, and to say they did not blame him so very much after all, when they came to know just how it was.

I then went to see those who had

been governed in their entrance on the plains, by the outward show of beauty and dress. By a series of hardships and the advances of age, they were dreadfully defaced and twisted about:—these spent their time in boasting of what they had once been, and of twitting each other about the use they had made of their beauty, when in possession of it: Oh! how wretched they were! I next went to see those who had doted on their titled honors, and those who were governed on their entrance to the plain by the love of riches; for they both lived very near to each other. They seemed to have two kinds of trees that quite overspread their whole plantation; the one kind bore the fruit of covetousness, and the other the fruit of perplexing cares, how they should preserve their riches and honor. They indeed seemed to take some imaginary delight in their company, and in vain amusements. But when they

went into their houses, there was no domestic happiness.

I next went to visit those who had gone on to the plain in order to get rid of trouble, who I found had their trouble made four-fold. These were to be pitied, as the act seemed to have been a sort of phrenzy produced by the agony of suffering, leaving to the heart-broken and grief-stricken one no choice, but that of an onward state of ruin, from which nothing but death could relieve them, except they should break through the gate at which they entered, when the whole populace would raise its outcry in the ears of the runaway; so that between the pain of remaining on the plain, and the disgrace of breaking through the gate, or getting over the wall, they were doomed to pass a life of indescribable agony, too dreadful for the pen of description. In looking about on the plain, I saw the one who had come back, on account of having lost

her mate by death, who had one or two children, and had been induced to go on to the plain again, against her will, in company with a kind of half-witted partner. I found her pining away in a state of gloomy solitude, having no company or fellow-feeling with her partner, who was now hated, and yet did not seem to know that he was hated; and besides, the home that she expected to have got was never obtained; the children were divided and separated hundreds of miles, and finally, died so far asunder, that she could not be present at their deaths to comfort them in their last moments. The whole population of the plain wept when they saw this, and were ready to say to her she had almost better have broke through the gate, or over-leapt the wall, even if she did get torn by the spikes of public opinion a little, as this really was better than none. At length I was told that she had done so, and that she

leaped so high that not a spike reached her as she went over, for she went so far that she was never heard of afterwards, and every body said they did not blame her much. I also saw the one who had taken a cruel natured mate—who, I saw, was deranged and in chains, and her little ones were dead, or bound out to hard masters, and she in a state of affliction. O ! how I pitied her and them.

Next I came to those who had been stimulated to enter the plains by the flames of connubial desire. I found their whole plantation one entire thicket of briars, thorns and thistles, so that they could not progress one step without being torn and mangled as they went along. This was shocking to behold, yet I could not find it in my heart to pity them much. The reader will remember the couple who were conversing about Ancient History, and the Patriarchs having so many sons and

daughters, as they went through the gate. This couple I found living on a large plantation, having beautiful fields, orchards, granaries, cattle and herds, with an elegant mansion full of all that heart could wish, besides quite a company of beautiful daughters and robust sons, before whose power the forest was as a trifle. They had grown gray, but still they were talking about their sons, daughters and grand children. Surely, I said in my heart, God favors the multipliers of his own image, and sends them temporal happiness, more than heart can wish—showing that it is good for man not to be alone. But I had like to have forgotten the bashful man, who approached the gate with so much dread; among the rest I visited him also. But it was with him as it sometimes happens with the cowards on the field of battle, who fight desperately when they find themselves cornered; so the bashful man—I found him knock-

ing about at a fearful rate, for the maintenance of his immense authority, over the weakness of his wife and children. "Oh fie !" said I, "what a pity !"

The whole of this numerous throng, with but two or three exceptions, appeared to be destitute of solid happiness ; in this sense they were poor and miserable, being discontented with their situations. Various were the methods they took for relief ; some tried one thing and some another, but all their efforts proved vain. Some had a mind to quit the plain entirely ; but when they came to the passage, they found it shaped much like that of an eel-pot—very easy to slip into, but extremely difficult to get out of it again. In particular, I could but remember the particular couple who had gone through the gate so very slyly ; these I found far away, in a kind of remote place, so that they were seldom seen, and around them were a number of children, still

of a different hue, partaking a little of the tincture of each of their parents. Of these the people of the plain said, that as they had broken over the bounds prescribed by nature, and had produced a race of beings dissimilar from the original creation, that they ought not to be much thought of, nor any body who favored such things. And as nobody seemed to respect them, so they did not respect themselves, and lived in a state of recrimination, snapping and snarling like a couple of canine beings, while the offspring looked on in a kind of silly surprise, and wished themselves back again, father and mother, and all, out of the plains.

By this time I bethought myself of those who sat so long on the seat of consideration, and determined to pay them a visit as well as the rest. On coming in sight of their habitation, I thought at first they were as bad off as the rest, as I saw an abundance of those

hurtful things before mentioned interspersed among all they had. I however soon discovered that they had a little private garden, with the best fence about it of any I had seen in all the plains. I felt immediately anxious to know what there was in it. When they became acquainted with my desire, I was invited to walk in. On entering it, I thought it the prettiest and most delightful place I had ever beheld, since the first great settler had struck the curious tree that fatal blow. In this garden they had a small bower, overspread with a beautiful vine, by the name of conjugal love. I noticed that this man and his mate often retired into this bower to refresh themselves, and to console each other in the sorrows of life. It was admirable to me, to see whenever they sat down under this shade, it would at once cool every turbulent passion, producing the same kind of expression of countenance which

distinguished them on the seat of consideration, and when they went hand in hand through the gate of the great plain.

I inquired how they came by that vine, and why there were no more on the plain? They said the vine was naturally the original production of the soil; but that the two first settlers had corrupted the soil, so that none of them grew here now, unless those who enter the plain bring the seed with them; and even then the greatest pains must be taken to cultivate it. The seed of this vine they said they received as a donation from the great Benefactor of the world, as an act of grace; for they said the first settler had forfeited all right in his person and that of his posterity, to that vine and every other blessing. As to my inquiry why there was no more of the kind on the plain, they said they did not know, unless those who came there rushed on so pre-

cipitately that they never so much as read the inscription on the pillar, or ascended the seat of consideration, before they entered the plain. They told me they had to watch around the roots of this vine with incessant care, or from the badness of the soil in which it grew, sprouts of a very bad nature would immediately come up and destroy all their happiness.

In looking about the garden, in other parts of it, I soon discovered a very rough looking tree, which I supposed was occasioned by the bark only, for the tree itself was handsomely proportioned, having on it many long and pendant branches, very limber and tough, and bearing a kind of fruit very beautiful to look upon; being of a sweet and chaste mixture of the water color and pink. I inquired what tree it was, when they said it was the tree of family government. The twigs of this tree they said were of great value; which

in my very sight I was so happy as to see wonderfully exemplified. It was as follows: One of their children, a beautiful little boy, was taken in a dreadful fit of rebellion, which terminated in a settled fever of madness. The parents agreed that it was best to give it a decoction of one of the branches of the tree; they accordingly did. At first the child made up wry faces, saying it was bitter; but in a little while after, he said the bitternes had passed away, and that his mouth was wonderful sweet. In a short time the fever subsided and the child was well, and far more healthy for a long time after than before. This couple I found in the possession of as much felicity as can be afforded by animal enjoyment, yet they were not without their difficulties and afflictions.

After leaving this house I saw there was still another plantation a little way off, which, as I went, I perceived look-

ed much better than the one just examined. Their garden was much larger and better trimmed than the other. I knocked at the gate, when a voice within bid me to enter. At first sight I noticed that this couple were far more happy than the other. I saw they had the bower, with the vine of conjugal love, and the tree of family government as well as the other; but besides, they had another bower of much greater extent than I had seen on the plain before, and far more delightful; for it was formed of various kinds of plants whose fruit was the result of piety toward God. The shade of these plants was the most delightful I had ever sat under in my life. Inside the bower there was a seat which went all around it, and was called the seat of resignation. I sat down upon it and you can hardly imagine how easy it was to sit upon. On this seat the whole family could sit and reach the clusters, the produce of

the plants and fruit of the bower, which hung down in all directions through the whole year. This family had therefore a plantation of the most value, and came nearer being like the ancient and first settler before his fatal blow on the curious tree; which was the trait of the likeness, or mind of the maker of the first settler of the country.

On seeing the great difference there was in the growth of all the plants and vines, and the produce, the quantity and quality of the fruit above that of the other plantation, I inquired the reason of the owner, seeing the soil was by nature alike, since its degeneration from the first creation. In answer to this question he replied, that it had pleased the great Author of all good, in the very spot where the seeds were planted, to renovate the soil. Yet the couple were not without great labor in keeping out the growth of weeds and bad vines, which, without this labor,

would have choked the useful ones. I observed in some of their greatest fatigues they would be wonderfully animated with something they had in prospect; I inquired what it was, when they informed me that it was a firm and sure belief that when they had done with this life they should no more be troubled with corrupt vines and noxious plants, nor pressed down with the cares of life; but should go to a world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven. This hope made them endure with patience all the troubles of life. On perceiving this I concluded that such a state was the highest pitch of happiness that any one could obtain in this life; and so I looked for no other.

Thus we have finished an allegorical account of the marriage state, and of the several characters who in all ages have engaged in it; showing that one

principle only is necessary to its furtherance of human happiness, namely, that of true love alone; and one to secure happiness beyond this life, and that is the love of God alone; which no man can despise, and feel easy in the secret recesses of his own heart.



The Heart that's True.

Tell me not of sparkling gems,
Set in real diadems—
You may boast your diamonds rare,
Rubies bright, and pearls so fair;
But there's a peerless gem on earth,
Of richer ray and purer worth:
'Tis priceless, but 'tis worn by few—
It is, it is—the heart that's true.

Bring the tulip and the rose,
While their brilliant beauty glows;
Let the storm-cloud fling a shade,
But there's a flower that still is found,
(Rose and tulip both will fade,
When mist and darkness close around;)
Changeless, fadeless in its hue—
It is, it is—the heart that's true.

Ardent in its earliest tie,
Faithful in its latest sigh;
Love and friendship—godlike pair—
Find their throne of glory there,
Proudly scorning bribe or threat!
Naught can break the seal once set;
All that civil gold can do,
Cannot warp the heart that's true.

First in Freedom's cause to bleed,
First in joy when slaves are freed;
Then hearts were true, and who could quell
The might of Washington or Tell?
Oh, there is *one* mortal shrine,
Lighted up with rays divine—
Seek it—yield the homage due—
Deify the *heart that's true*.

A SIMPLE STORY.

“In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and ‘lips like wet coral.’ Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, ‘How handsome she is!’ And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth

is passing into womanhood ; when the soul begins to be pervaded by 'that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.'

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the wayside ;

and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement, she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband.—While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it

secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery.—She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance ; but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said, ‘My dear, are you an innocent girl?’ ‘I am, I am,’ replied she, with convulsive sobs. ‘Oh, what

have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me that?' Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. 'If you are innocent,' said he, 'God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me.' 'What *could* I understand,' said she, 'except that you intended to make me your wife?' Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed, and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber

she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride ! Oh, what if she should be discovered ? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief ? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her—she was arrested, on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break.

He tried to comfort her but could obtain no answer.

‘Leave us alone,’ said he to the keeper. ‘Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear.’ When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said, in soothing tones, ‘My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty.’

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, ‘Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?’

‘Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it,’ replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually

obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. 'This is her first offence,' said he; 'the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk.' The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl had he known all the circumstances. 'Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend,' replied Isaac. 'By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved.'

The good old man then went to the

hotel and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. 'Tell him my business is of importance,' said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to 'bear a testimony,' as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl; if he had known her to be virtuous.— 'I have done many wrong things,' said he, 'but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it

the basest act of which man is capable.' The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. 'Nay,' said Isaac, 'thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another.'

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, 'You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give

you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman.'

'Farewell, friend,' replied Isaac: 'Though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted.'

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. 'I did this,' said she, 'for my poor mother's sake.' With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house and asked to see him.

When he entered the room, he found a handsome dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, 'Friend Hopper, do you know me?' He replied that he did not.—She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, 'You once helped me when in great distress.' But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room, for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees; she hid her face in his lap and sobbed out, 'I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you?'

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and

again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

'But I go away to-morrow,' said she, 'and I could not leave the city, without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin.' She recalled her little boy, and said to him, 'Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had.' With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent 'God bless you,' she bade her benefactor farewell.



Flowers.

Flowers for the humble poor,
Flowers for the weak and lone;
Let them gently, gently fall.
Where the weels of toil are sown;
Lifting up soul discontent,
From the lonely tenement,
As the fainting toilers there
Catch a breath of heaven's air.

Flowers! lay them by the bed,
Where the restless sick are lying,
Let their freshness heal the air,
Wounded by the Sufferer's sighing;
Let his eye a moment rest
Where its seeing may be blessed,
Ere they mingle their sweet breath
With the heavy one of Death.

Flowers from the rich and proud!
Lay them in the costly room
Where Art's thick luxuriant air
May from Nature catch perfume,
And, like whispering Angels, start
Pity in the rich man's heart—
Pity for some humble one,
Who of flowers and fruit hath none.

Flowers! for each one of earth,
Under and above the sod,
That the dead may sweeter sleep
And the living think of God,
When we from our walks of Sin,
See where his soft steps have been,
Leaving these to bless our eyes,
As a glimpse of Paradise.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

THERE is a gray-haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every fair day, in Broadway, through the window of his carriage, as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentatious about his equipage—none of that labored display, unfortunately characteristic of too many in New York. He does not ape the habits of a foreign aristocracy, by attiring his servants in liveries; and his carriage, though evidently of costly manufacture, is so barren of tinsel, and of so unpretending a construction, that the passer by, as his eye falls in the midst of the ambitious ‘turn outs,’ so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupant to be master of unbounded wealth—capable

of buying up, body and soul, nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and bewiskered aspirants, who dash by him, as he leisurely rumbles along, in their flashy, gingerbread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter ; the former reserving in the wane of life, traces of loveliness ; the latter in the dawning lustrous beauty. The dress of those ladies corresponds with the elegant simplicity, that test of true elevation and real gentility, which we have remarked upon as distinguishing the husband and father. The jewels they wear are few and tasteful ; and, in their plain and becoming attire, they do not make their bodies locomotive milliners' signs, nor tell a tale by extravagance of outretness of display, that conscious deficiency in mental superiority, that would make a parade of the covering alone, for the emptiness within it.

This gentleman came to the city

when a young man, a poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing and a pack of clothes, and with a five dollar note in his pocket—all that he was worth in the world—he turned his steps towards New York; ignorant of mankind—of the thousands seeking, like himself, a livelihood, who congregate in this moral whirlpool—but full of expectation—of hope—of determination—of energy. It was distant several days' travel, but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farmer's door at which he applied at nightfall was ever open to receive him; and a few hours of labor, the succeeding day, requited—for he would have scorned to have accepted of charity—the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean, cheap lodging-house, when at last he trod with eager foot the streets of the city; and although wondering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idle

ness, but seduously employed himself in seeking occupation.—Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them; but the merchant who listened to Jacob Flagg's story, and taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of its truth, made him his porter, never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant; diligent, industrious, honest, frugal. Closing his duties soon after nightfall, his evenings were his own; and, by the light of his lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his mind. At the end of four years, with what he had saved from his earnings, and some little assistance from his employer, he opened a small shop in an obscure street, wherein he vended a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded. And the majority may succeed in precisely the same way. Whatsoever one's income

may be, however trifling, let him live within it, and he is even then prospering; and, to prosper in a great city, frugality never finds itself at fault. Subsistence and a home may be procured, meeting to any quality of means; and he who casts false pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that more ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow-being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity, that nothing can shake; though the goods of earth may gather slowly, the soul will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance is a comparative term; and he who, with an income of a few hundreds, exceeds its bounds in his expenditures, is more so than the possessor of millions, whose hand scatters thousands upon thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gains, and a yet larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold after the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding house—and then a better still—ever careful, however, not to deceive himself and run ahead of duty.

The second change was rife with momentous influences upon his destiny ; for there boarded in the same house a widow and her daughter, the last an heiress, worth a thousand dollars ! This widow, named Watkins—not her real name, by the bye, for on our veracity we are telling a true story, and it might give offence to be too particular—was not overstocked with it, and piqued herself as much on her slender jointures and the thousand dollars Helen was to possess on her wedding day, as though her hundreds had been thousands, and her daughter's thousand a million.—Helen was sensible, very sensible, and resisted, in a good degree, the unhappy influences of her mother's weakness ;

but most women, not being conversant with business, do not appreciate the value of money; and it is not amazing that Helen, when it was constantly a theme of exultation and pride with her mother, should imagine, at least, her thousand dollars—a fortune.

Flagg, after a time, loved her—loved her with his whole heart, and was tenderly loved in return. He had always determined, with an honest pride, never to fall in love with a woman who had money; it should never be cast into his teeth by his wife's grumbling relations, 'that he was supported by her,' and there are few who will accuse him of swerving from his principles, although he did love Helen Watkins, and she had a thousand dollars.

He married her; and on the wedding day, pursuant to her father's will, the thousand dollars were placed in Flagg's hands. Doing as he thought best for their mutual advantage, he invested it

in his business, and instead of dashing out with an establishment, remained at the boarding house. A loving bride thinks little for money, of anything but love and happiness; and Helen never spoke of the thousand dollars.—Flagg furnished her with money sufficient for her wants, and indeed, for her desires—the engrossment of her thoughts otherwise limited her wishes. But when a year had gone by, she often asked for articles of dress or luxury—luxury to them—which her husband could not afford to give, and gently, but resolutely denied her. “It is very strange,” thought Helen to herself, “that when he has all that thousand dollars of mine, he won’t let me have what I want.” Her mother fostered these complaining thoughts, and on an occasion when she had set her heart on something which he refused to purchase, she ventured to vent her disappointment in reproaches; and referred

to the thousand dollars, which she was sure she ought to be at liberty to spend, since it was all her own. Flagg was astonished—indignant; but, restraining himself, kindly reasoned with her, and represented to her how paltry a sum in reality a thousand dollars was, and how long ago it would have been exhausted, had it been in her own possession, by the procurements of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness, and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite, in her marked judgment, the suspicion that it was only given to excuse himself for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand came up again—and again; the last time immediately after breakfast. Flagg could bear it no more. Without a rejoinder he suddenly left his house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved—that his face wore a startling expression, and, regretful, penitent, and alarm-

ed, she called earnestly and tearfully for him to return. But it was too late!

It was a sullen, stormy, wintry, chilly day, when Flagg left his home that morning: it was, too, at the very climax of those mercantile crises when the rich feel poor, and the poor beggars; and, breasting the storm bravely thus far, he had congratulated himself that, in a few days he should be safe, and his fortune golden forever. How bitter were his sensations as he came down Broadway that morning, splashing through the rain! He loved Helen dearly—he knew she loved him. Their days were all happiness, save that destroyed by this one foible; and let come what would, he determined to give her a ‘lesson that should last the rest of her life.’

He did not return to dinner. Helen waited for him, and, robbed by her anxiety and remorse of her appetite, would not go down herself, but sat all

the afternoon looking from the window into the deserted and dreary street, weeping sometimes as though her heart would break. When day-light had nearly gone, and she began to strain her eyes to distinguish objects without, she discovered him approaching. She could not, she dare not, go to meet him ; but when he opened the door, she could not repress a shriek at the haggardness of his countenance. He came to her side, and, taking her hand, said, in a voice broken by exhaustion and emotion, while he extended with the other hand a roll of bank notes :

“Helen, there are your thousand dollars; I have encountered toil and anguish, and pain enough to get them for you, in these dreadful times ; but I have resolved, and would not be disappointed. Take them ; do with them as you like, and we will be wholly happy, for you never can reproach me more.”

“No, no ; not for the world !” sob-

bed Helen, sinking on her knees in shame: "Oh, husband, forgive me! I shall never be guilty again!" He was, however, resolute; and, well knowing, from his character, that what he had determined on as a proper course he would never swerve from, she dismissed the subject, and they were afterwards indeed happy. He never asked to what purpose she had appropriated the thousand dollars, but it was plain enough that she expended it neither for dress nor ornament. If anything, she was more frugal than ever, and he was compelled to question her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them, as he was liberal and free, as soon as his prosperity would authorize it.

Reader, this Flagg is the same hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway, and that wife is this same Helen. That daughter oh, I can tell a story of her! She is to be married next week to a

young man not worth a penny—who loves her, and cares not a pin for her father's money, confiding, as he does, in his own energies—which the old gentleman took care to make sure of before he gave his consent. As to that thousand dollars, it has been accumulating these twenty years, has been added constantly to by the mother, and now a good round sum—we have it from good authority, at least twenty thousand—will be a gift to the daughter on the marriage day; but we warrant you, she will hear the whole story of the 'thousand dollars,' and be warned not to suspect an honest, high-minded, loving man, of *marrying for money*.



The Bride.

Fair Girl! there's radiance on thy brow—
There's flashing in that thoughtful eye—
Like some pure beam thou seemest now,
Plucked from the lustres of the sky.

The mingled tints of morn and eve,
The glowing bloom of cloudless day,
Seem o'er thy form their lights to weave,
And cluster in one living ray.

Sweet bridal Love and Purity!
Hallowed of Heaven and Hope, and Truth!
Lady! such joys attend on thee,
And crown the nuptials of thy youth!

Farewell the past! The future glows
Upon the azure of thy heart;
Woes be on him—deep, utter woes—
Who bids that Promise-vow depart.



A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit swells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he resides more amongst temptation, which hardly permits the affection that is following him, perhaps over half of the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one

of his own ; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight, and his evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of love. And then what a cheerful sharer she is, and what an able

lightener of her mother's cares! What an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affections! Oh, how little do these daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests upon them, bring rapture to a parent's heart! A true love will almost certainly, always greet their approaching footsteps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely, which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing, by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

DAUGHTER LEAVING HOME.

MARRIAGE is to women at once the happiest and saddest event of her life ; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home—her parents—her companions—her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort—for affection—for kindness—for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the every embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and the counseled—and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is to be changed ; and yet she flies with

joy in the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation of the happiness to come. 'Then wo to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Wo to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet make no effort to supply their places; for on him the responsibility of her errors—on him who has first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then expose her, with a weakened spirit, and unsatisfied heart, to the wide storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

WORTH AND WEALTH,
OR,
THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

“AND so you intend to marry Lucy Warden—eh! Harry. What on earth has put you in such a notion of that girl?” said Charles Lowry to his friend Harry Bowen, as they sat together cracking almonds after dinner.

“And why not marry Lucy Warden?” said his friend.

“Why? oh! because she’s not worth a sous; and besides, I have heard she’s the daughter of a bricklayer. You know, anyhow, that her mother kept a little dry goods’ store until an uncle left Mrs. Warden that annuity on which they now just manage to subsist.”

“A formidable array of evils, indeed, but still they do not dishearten me. As for money, I do not look for it in a

wife, because I should never feel independent if I was indebted to a bride for my bread. Besides, an heiress is generally educated in such expensive habits that it requires a fortune to satisfy her luxurious wishes. As a mere money matter of business, this marrying for money is nine times out of ten a losing speculation. You are forced to live according to your wife's former style, and being thus led into expenses which your income will not afford, you too often end by becoming bankrupt. Then, too late, you discover that your wife is fit only for a parlor; she becomes peevish, or wretched, or sick, and perhaps all together. Domestic felicity is at an end when this occurs—"

"But her birth?"

"A still more nonsensical objection. It is one of the prejudices of the old colonial times, and was imported from England by the servile adorers of rank, who instead of being like themselves,

drones in the public hive, earned their bread fairly. It is this latter class to which our country is indebted for its subsequent prosperity—a prosperity which not all the aristocrats of Europe could have bestowed upon it. The revolution, while it made us politically equal, did not destroy this social aristocracy. The same exclusiveness prevails now as then, but with even more injustice, for it is opposed to the whole spirit of our republican institutions. Nor is this all; the prejudice itself is ridiculous. How can people who scarcely know their ancestors beyond one or two generations, and whose blood has been derived from every nation and occupation on the globe, talk with any propriety of birth?—Why, there is scarcely a man or woman of our acquaintance, who is not an example of this piebald ancestry. Take, for instance, Walter Hastings, who, you know, boasts of his family. I happen to know all about him, for he

is a second cousin to myself. His father made a fortune and married into our family. But who was he? The son of a German redemptioner. Hastings' mother, it is true, is the grand-daughter of an English baron, and the sister—a far higher glory—of a signer of our Declaration of Independence. Such is a fair sample of our best families. Why, I would undertake to furnish from the ancestry of any of them, either a peasant or a peer, either a laborer or a drone. Birth, forsooth! The only persons who boast of it in this country are those who have the least claim even to an honest parentage; and the noisiest pretender I ever met with was the grandson of a fellow who was hung fifty years ago for forgery."

"Well, you are really getting quite *low* in your notions, Harry—where, in the world, did you pick up such vulgar notions? You, a gentleman and a lawyer, to marry such a girl! She's pretty

enough, I grant—amiable, no doubt—can sing and draw passably, and makes, I hear, a batch of bread, or does dirty house work as well as a common kitchen girl. But perhaps that is what you want her for?”

“Your sneer aside, yes! It is because Lucy Warden is a good house-keeper, that I intend to marry her. Not that I would have a bride *only* because she could, as you say, make a batch of bread. Education, amiability, a refined mind, and lady-like manners are equally necessary. But a knowledge—and a practical one, too,—of house-keeping, is no slight requisite in a good wife. I know such knowledge is scarce among our city ladies, but that is the very reason why I prize it so highly. Believe me, refinement is not incompatible with this knowledge.”

“Pshaw, Harry; but granting your position, what is the use of such knowledge?”

“It is of daily use. Servants will always impose on a mistress who knows nothing of her duties as the domestic head of the house. You are an importer; but how long, think you, would you prosper, if you left everything to the care of clerks, who would naturally take advantage of your carelessness to fleece you? A mistress of a house ought to oversee her establishment in person. This she cannot do, unless, to use a mercantile phrase, *she understands her business*. If she does not do this, nothing will be done. The whole evil arises from the desire of our women to ape the extravagance of the English female nobility, whose immense wealth allows them to employ substitutes to oversee their domestic establishments. But even had we incomes of hundreds of thousands of dollars, we could not carry out the plan, owing to the total absence of good servants of this character in our country; and in this opinion

I am borne out by Combe and Hamilton, two of the most observant and just of English travelers."

"Well, Harry, you were born for a barrister, or you would not run on so glibly. But it's a shame that a gentleman who might command the choice of the market, and marry the richest heiress in Walnut street, should throw himself away upon a girl without a sixpence. Now there are Charlotte Thornbury and her sister, co-heiresses, —why can't you take the one, and I the other?"

"Merely because I love another. You smile; but despite the sneer, I am a believer in love. Of Charlotte, I have nothing to say, except that she is beautiful. You know how often we have discussed the matter. I only hope she will make you a good wife."

"*Allons!* the ladies are awaiting us. You and I will never, on this question, agree."

The foregoing conversation has given our readers a pretty accurate idea of the young men to whose acquaintance we have introduced them. Henry Bowen was a young lawyer, with a small annual income, but of what is called an unimpeachable family. This, with his acknowledged talents, would have procured for him the hand of many a mere heiress, but he had wisely turned away from them all, and sought a companion in one without fame or fortune, but who, in every requisite for a good wife, was immeasurably their superior.

Charles Lowry, on the contrary, was a dashing young merchant, who, by dint of attention in the counting house, could afford to be luxurious in his style of living. He had imbibed many of the false notions of fashionable society, and among others the idea that a wife was indispensable. His sole object was to secure an heiress, as much for the *eclat*

of the thing as for her fortune, though this latter was no slight temptation to a young merchant. And he had finally succeeded. Amid a host of rivals, he had won the prize. Need we say that Charlotte Thornbury, the beautiful, the gay, but the careless heiress, was the guerdon?

The two friends were married in the same week. The one took his wife to a small but convenient house in one of our less fashionable streets, while the other entered at once into a splendid mansion in Walnut street, whose furniture and decorations were the theme of general envy and admiration. The one bride kept but a single servant, the other had several. Yet the mansion of Mrs. Lowry, though always magnificent, was never tidy, while the quiet home of Mrs. Bowen was a pattern of neatness and elegance. The young merchant never went home without finding that his wife had been out all day, either shopping or

making calls, and was in consequence tired and silent, or perhaps out of humor; while the young lawyer always found a neat dinner and a cheerful wife to welcome him. As for Charles, he had always sneered at love, and having married from motives of vanity and interest a woman whose mind he despised, he had nothing of sympathy with her, nor was it long before he found her society irksome. When the toils of the counting-house were over he went home, because it was the custom, but not because he expected to derive any pleasure from the conversation of his vain and flippant wife. He was glad when the season commenced, with its round of dissipation, because then he found some relief in attending the fashionable entertainments of his own or wife's acquaintance. Since his marriage he had never enjoyed a single hour of real domestic felicity.

How different was the wedded life of

Henry and his bride. All through the business of the day, the recollection of his sweet wife's greeting cheered the young lawyer on in his labors. And when evening came, and he had closed his office for the day, how smilingly, and in what neat attire would Lucy preside at the tea-table, or, after their meal had been disposed of, bring out her work-stand, and sew at something, if only at a trifle for a fair, while Henry read to her in his rich, mellow voice. And then sometimes they would sit on the sofa, and talk of a thousand plans for the future, when their income should be extended, or if it was in summer, they would stroll out for a walk, or call upon some of their few intimate friends.

"Dear Henry," said Lucy, one evening to her husband, as they sat talking together after tea, "how worried Mr. Lowry looks of late. I think he must be in bad health. How glad I am you

are always well. I know not what I should do if you were sick."

"May that day be long averted, my own Lucy," said the husband, as he kissed her pure brow, "but I have noticed something of the same kind in Lowry, and have attributed it to the cares of business. His wife is a woman you know, who could do little to alleviate a husband's weariness."

"Oh, how can she be a wife, and not wish to soften her husband's cares? Indeed, if you only look the least worried, I share your trouble until your brow clears up."

"And it is that which makes me love you so dearly," said the husband, as he pressed her to his bosom. "Ah," he continued to himself, "if Charles saw me to night, I wonder whether he would not envy me!"

That evening there was a brilliant party at the house of Mrs. Lowry, who was smiling upon the guests in all the

elation of gratified pride. Never had she appeared more happy. But even the envied mistress of the revel was not without her cares. One or two favorite guests whom she invited did not come, and she could not help over-hearing some of the ill-natured remarks of some of her neighbors. Her only gratification was in listening to the flatteries of others of her visitors, who were either more fawning or more deceitful. At length, however, the entertainment was over, and wearied and dispirited, she paused a moment in the deserted parlors before retiring. Her husband was there.

“Well, Mrs. Lowry,” said he with a yawn, “so this grand affair is over at length, and a pretty penny it has cost, I do not doubt.” Charles had latterly found that his income was frightfully beneath his expenses, and had begun to wish his bride less extravagant,—“but why did you purchase these new ottomans—and these candelabra, and that,”

and here he used an oath, "expensive set of mirrors? I told you the old ones were good enough, and here, when I come home, I find you have purchased them, in defiance of my orders. Why, madam, an Earl's fortune would not sustain you in your extravagances."

"And whose fortune, I wonder, buys these things," said the passionate beauty; "you would not let me have the common comforts of life if you could have your way."

"Pshaw, madam, none of your airs. But I tell you, this extravagance I neither can nor will submit to it."

"You are a brute," said the wife, "so you are. Do you—can you think," she continued, bursting into tears, "I'd ever have married you, when I might have had so many better husbands, if I had thought you would have used me in this way?"

"Well, madam, so you have got up a scene," coolly said the husband, "all

I wish is, that you had married some one of your other suitors."

"You do!—you insult me—I won't live with you a day. Oh, that I should be abused in this way," and the now really wretched woman burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"As you please, madam."

But we omit the rest of this scene, which ended in a fit of hysterics on the part of the wife, and a volley of curses on that of the husband. The difficulty was the next day made up by the newly-married couple; from this time their altercations were frequent and bitter. Charles began to think, as his old friend had told him, that there was a great difference betwixt marrying for love or money.

Three years passed. At the end of that time, how altered were the circumstances of Charles and his friend.

The expenses of his establishment had increased upon the former, until his

fortune not only staggered, but gave way under the pressure, and after several ineffectual attempts to retrieve by speculations, which, ending abortively, only increased his embarrassments, Charles found himself upon the brink of ruin.

In these circumstances he found no consolation in the sympathy of his wife. She upbraided him with the loss of her fortune, forgetting how much she had squandered of it in her fashionable amusements. Their altercations, moreover, increased in frequency ever since the incident we have recorded above, until Charles, unable to find even quiet at his own fireside, sought relief at the club. Hither was he led, moreover, by the desire of retrieving his misfortunes, which were still unknown to the world, and he trusted that by a lucky chance he might place himself in security. Vain hope ! How many deluded victims have indulged in the same delusions be-

fore ! His course from that hour was downward. He became a gambler—he neglected all business—he lost—his engagements failed to be met—and in a few weeks he was a bankrupt.

Meantime the husband of Lucy had been steadily gaining in reputation, and increasing his business, so that at the end of the third year the young couple were enabled to move into a larger and more elegant house, situated in a more desirable quarter. This change of location materially strengthened the business of the young attorney ; he became known as one of the rising young men, and he looked forward with certainty to the speedy accumulation of a competency.

“ Have you heard anything father,” said Lucy one evening to her husband, as he came in from a day’s hard work, “ concerning poor Mrs. Lowry or her husband ? ”

“Yes, my love,” said he, “and it is all over.”

“What! has anything alarming happened?” said Lucy, anxiously.

“Sit down, dearest, and don’t tremble so,” said her husband, and I will tell you the whole of the melancholy story.

“After his bankruptcy last week, some days elapsed before anything was known of the place to which my unfortunate friend had gone. It was supposed at first that he had fled with what funds he could lay his hands on. This was the more credible from the ignorance of his wife as to whither he had gone. She, cold-hearted thing, seemed to care little for his loss, but appeared to be chiefly affected by her deprivation of fortune. She even upbraided her husband publicly; and it is said when some forgeries which he had perpetrated were discovered, and a strict search set on foot after the criminal, she went so far as to hope he might be taken and

brought to condign punishment. But you know they never lived happy together."

"Well, every attempt to trace the fugitive failed, when intelligence was brought to the city this morning, that a dead body answering to the description of that of Mr. Lowry, had been washed ashore a few miles down the river. You may well look alarmed, for the intelligence was too true. It was the body of my poor friend. It is supposed that grief, shame at his bankruptcy, and perhaps remorse for his crime, led him to commit suicide. Poor fellow! his sad fate may be traced to his ill-suited marriage. He chose a woman whose extravagance always out-stripped her fortune, and who, from having brought him wealth, considered him beneath her. He did not know the difference in a wife, between WORTH and WEALTH."

The Rose Bud.

The rose bud that you gave me, love,
Beneath the lintel vine,
Although it fades in other's eyes,
Unfaded seems in mine ;
No common flower it seems to me,
On sunshine fed and dew—
By others reared, by others viewed,
Then plucked at last by you.

But 'tis linked in thought with you, love,
With you and only you,
As if it in your bosom chaste
Among the lilies grew ;
As if it in your bosom grew,
Oh, gentle maid and fair—
Grew close upon your nursing heart,
And fed its beauty there.

And you pressed it to your lips, love,
The night you gave it me—
And thence, I deem, its life, its sweets,
Its deathless bloom must be ;
It drew its vermeil from your lips—
'Tis fragrant with your breath—
It lives upon that balmy kiss
That gives it life in death.

But if *they* see best who deem, love,
It sear and yellow grows,
I'll tell you why the life and bloom
Have left the withered rose ;
The flower upon my heart has lain,
And my heart has drawn away
The life, the sweets it drew from yours
What time on yours it lay.

Congenial Spirits.

Oh, in the varied scenes of life,
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amid its busy strife
Congenial Spirits meet?

Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band
Long hid from mortal sight,
Then start, to meet the master hand,
That calls them into light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,
How fondly do we pause,
That dear companion to engage
In answering applause.

And when we list to music's sigh,
How sweet at every tone,
To read within another's eye,
The rapture of our own.



The Interval Flower.

I know of a sweet wild-flower,
That blossoms in its pride,
Where through the lowly interval
The silver waters glide ;
Tis where by chance I often rove
At twilight's silent hour ;
And often do I stop to gaze
Upon this meadow flower.

It does not fade as other flowers,
But ever blossoms fair ;
For where it spreads its golden leaves
'Tis always summer there—
And as the seasons roll around,
And chilling frosts arise,
I love to go and breathe where blooms
This flowret's paradise !

I've often thought how I would love
To pluck it from its stem,
And press its petals to my heart,
And never part with them ;
Rash thought ! shall such presumptuous wish
Within this bosom rest ?
To tear it from its lovely bed
To fade upon my breast !

I know, too, thou'rt a proud flower,
And mightest spurn my touch ;
But yet for that, my blooming one,
I prize the more by much !
Some love the modest Violet,
That blossoms by thy side ;
But give me the gay Carnation
With its splendor and its pride !

I've said thou art a fair flower,
And others say it too ;
But none thy brilliant beauties o'er
With fondest gaze will view—
Full many a flower I've seen, as I
Have roamed at even-tide,
But never one so fair as that
Which decks the river's side.

And sure thou art a sweet flower,
As e'er in meadow sprung ;
And balmy is thy rich perfume
As that from Eden flung !
Come, yield thy pride, and let me once
Those lovely petals kiss ;
'Twould plant a sunbeam in my heart
Of ever-during bliss !

Thou wilt not be a lone flower,
When I am far away,
For others will continue still
Where I have strayed, to stray ;
But e'er a bright spot in my life
Will the remembrance be,
That I have waiked the interval
And fondly gazed at thee.



THE TWINS.

“I tell it to you as 'twas told to me.”

“IN the autumn of 18—, I had occasion to visit the town of N——, beautifully situated on the western bank of the Connecticut river. My business led me to the house of B——, a lawyer of about three-score and ten, who was now resting from the labors and enjoying the fruits of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing-room was richly furnished and decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of its mother. ‘That,’ said I, pointing to the picture, ‘is very beauti-

ful. Pray, sir, what is the subject of it?' 'It is a mother and her twins,' said he; 'the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it.' I turned my eye upon B——; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. 'Sit down,' said he, 'and I will tell you it.' We accordingly sat down, and he gave the following narrative:

'During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to his king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the commu-

nity, it was still admitted on all hands, that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

‘The time came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety, with both the friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken, with other prisoners of war, by the victorious Stark.

“He made no attempt to conceal his

name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The jail in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room. 'Come,' said they, 'you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison, through which you can escape.' To their astonishment, Stedman utterly refused to leave the prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

“The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he could be permitted to go alone and on foot. ‘And suppose,’ said the sheriff, ‘that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?’ ‘I had thought,’ said the farmer, reddening with indignation, ‘that I was speaking to one who knew me.’ ‘I do know you, indeed,’ said the sheriff; ‘I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S——.’ * * * The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

“I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court, upon telling his whole story; and, when I

would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of the Judges; never, before or since, have I felt such an interest in a client. I pleaded for him as I would have pleaded for my own life. I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance for pardon, if he would ask for it. I drew up a petition, and requested him to sign it, but

he refused. 'I have done,' said he, 'what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God and my king, but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men for an action which I should repeat were I placed again in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man for the conscientious discharge of what he deemed a duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges, and tell them that I place not my fears nor my hopes in them.' It was in vain that I pressed the subject; and I went away in despair.

"In returning to my house, I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him.

From one of these he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel, giving the last touches to the picture which attracted your attention. He asked my opinion of it. 'It is a fine picture,' said I; 'is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?' 'They are portraits,' said he, 'and save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles I chanced to call at his house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand, and the twins are cherubs.' 'Tell me,' said I, laying my hand on the picture—'tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?' My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me that they were, so far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions. I asked no further questions; I seized the picture, and hurried

with it to the prison where my client was confined. I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a position that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side, and left the room.

“In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while the tears stole down his cheeks; his eye glanced first at the picture, and then to the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it, and left the apartment. He had put his name to it. The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty.”



Love's Home.

Oh, love is but an exile here
Lamenting for its native sky;
His brightest smile is through a tear
And all his roses bloom to die t
Too soon they fade,
In earth's dark shade:
Reared on the soil of misery,
Too cold for Immortality.

When Love had made himself a bower,
And nursed it with his kindest care,
And poured his tears, a gentle shower,
And given his breath of purest air,
And Hope was near,
To fill his ear
With promise that the bower should be
A gift of Immortality—

Then Love was blest, one summer's day—
But time grew envious of his bliss,
And tore his blooming wreaths away,
And blasted all his happiness—
Now Love must roam,
Without a home,
Still planting flowers to see them die
And pine for Immortality.

But Faith hath built another home
For Love, beyond the touch of time;
There fadeless plants forever bloom
Perennial in fair Eden's clime.
No spoiler's breath,
No hand of Death
Can reach the home, where Love is free,
And dwells with Immortality.

The Coquette.

Who is that nright and brilliant girl,
Among the gay crowd dancing,
With flowers amid her golden curls,
And jewels on her glancing?
With all that pomp of wealth and dress,
With all that charm of feature,
Will you believe it, when I say
She's but a worthless creature.

She deems that human hearts were made
For her to win and break them ;
Her charms the fatal snares she spreads,
To torture and to take them ;
Her very artlessness is art !
The ruin that she causes,
Unlike the fiercest conqueror,
To weep she never pauses.

To one she gives a kindly glance ·
To one a gentle pressure ;
Another claims the willing hand,
To tread a graceful measure ;
One asks a flower, and builds up hopes
Upon the fading treasure ;
She immolates them on her shrine
Of vanity and pleasure.

As lovely as a flower is she,
But poison's in her dwelling ;
Her voice is full of melody,
A syren tale 't is telling :

The lip is red, the hand is warm,
The cheek like summer's blossom;
But oh, she bears the gamester's heart
Within that youthful bosom.

I can forgive the gorgeous queen,
Who in an hour of pleasure,
Placed in her cup the eastern pearl,
And drank the costly treasure;
But bitter sentence for the maid,
Who for amusement merely,
Dissolves the dream of happiness
Of one that loves her dearly.

Oh loveliness, the fairy spell
That o'er youth's brow is wreathing!
Art never can compare with thee,
The moving and the breathing;
Exert thy power to turn the heart
To deeds of worth and duty;
And have a nobler end in view
Than her's, the heartless beauty.



The Maiden's Ringlet.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft upbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair ;
And yet, though time has dimmed its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
The living and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
In youth's gay morn, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

O, sunny tress ! the joyous brow
Where thou didst lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave !
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
That eye no more is gay ;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

Sensons have passed, long years are gone,
Since last we fondly met,
Long years, and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget--

Too soon to let that lovely face
From my sad thoughts depart
And to another give the place
She held within my heart.

Her memory still within the mind
Retains its sweetest power ;
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung ;
Her voice the prelude to a strain
Before the song is sung.
Her life was like a half-blown flower,
Closed ere the shade of even,
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opes the gates of heaven.

A single tress ! how slight a thing,
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart !
It leads me back to early days
To her I loved so long,
Whose eyes beamed like the diamond's rays,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers,
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.

I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start !
But tears are on its lustre—there
I lay it on my heart.

O when in death's cold arms I sink,
Who then with gentle care
Will keep, as a memorial link,
A ringlet of my hair ?



RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

1. In stating prudential rules for our government in society, I must not omit the important one of never entering into dispute or argument with another.

2. I never saw an instance of one of two disputants convincing the other by argument. I have seen many of their getting warm, becoming rude, and shooting one another.

3. Convincing is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning, either in solitude or weighing within ourselves dispassionately, what we hear from others, standing uncommitted in argument ourselves.

4. It was one of the rules, which

above all others, made Dr. Franklin the most amiable of men in society, "never to contradict any body." If he was urged to announce an opinion, he did it rather by asking questions, as for information, or by suggesting doubts.

5. When I hear another express an opinion which is not mine, I say to myself, He has a right to his opinion, as I to mine; why should I question it? His error does me no injury, and shall I become a Don Quixotte, to bring all men by force of argument to one opinion?

6. If a fact be misstated, it is probable he is gratified by a belief of it, and I have no right to deprive him of the gratification.

7. If he wants information, he will ask it, and then I will give it in measured terms.

8. If he still believes his own story, and shows a desire to dispute the fact with me, I hear him, and say nothing.

It is his affair, not mine, if he prefers error.

9. There are two classes of disputants most frequently to be met with among us. The first is of young students just entered the threshold of science, with the first views of its outlines not yet filled up with the details and modifications, which a further progress would bring to their knowledge.

10. The other consists of the ill-tempered and rude men in society, who have taken up a passion for politics.

11. Good humor and politeness, never introduce into mixed society a question on which they foresee there will be a difference of opinion.

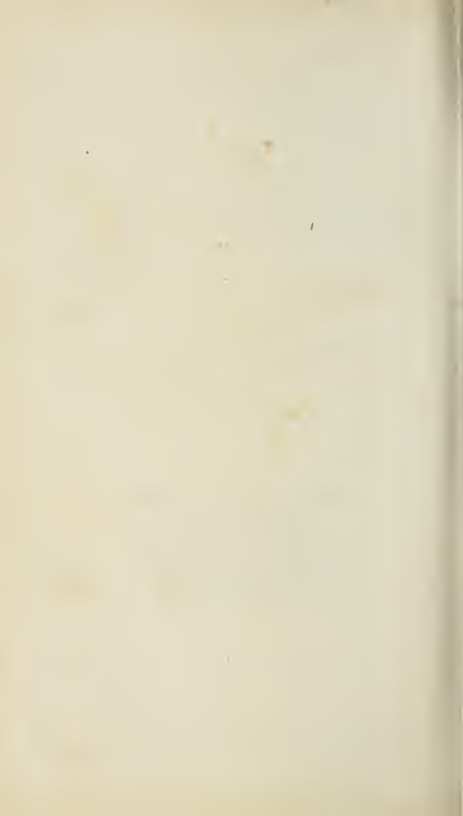
12. Be a listener only, keep within yourself, and endeavor to establish with yourself the habit of silence, especially in politics. In the present fevered state of our country, no good can ever result from any attempt to set one of these fiery zealots to rights, either in facts or

principles. They are determined as to the facts they will believe, and the opinions on which they will act.

13. Get by them, therefore, as you would an angry bull ; it is not for a man of sense to dispute the road with such an animal.










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